

Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

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Jane Cable

...By...
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,
Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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(Continued.)

"Ah, this is a wicked old world!" said Droom, reddening his pipe and showing his teeth as he puffed. "That's why I have those pictures of the Madonna on the wall—to keep me from forgetting that there are beautiful things in the world in spite of its ugliness and hypocrisy. I haven't much!"

He stopped short and listened intently. The sounds of footsteps on the stairs outside came to his ears. They clumped upward, paused for a moment down the little hall and then approached Droom's doorway. Host and guest looked at the clock instinctively. Eddie heard Droom's breath as it came faster between puffs of his pipe. Then there was a resounding rap at the panel of the door. Eddie Deever never forgot the look that swept over the old maid's face—the look of wonder, dread, desperation. It passed in an instant, and he arose unsteadily, undecidedly, to admit the late caller. His long frame seemed to shake like a reed as he stood cautiously inside the bolted door and called out:

"Who's there?"

"Messenger," was the muffled response. Droom hesitated a moment, looking first at Eddie and then toward the window. Slowly he unbolted the door. A small A. D. T. boy stood beyond.

"What is it?" almost gasped Elias Droom, quickly drawing the boy into the room.

"Mr. Droom? No answer, sir. Sign here." The boy, snow covered, drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Droom.

"Where from?" demanded the old clerk, the paper rattling in his thin fingers.

"I don't know. I'm from Chicago avenue," said the boy, with proper impudence. He took one look at Droom's face as the man handed the slip back to him and then hurried downstairs, far less impudent at heart than he had been.

Droom recognized the handwriting on the envelope as James Bansemmer's. It was the first time his employer had communicated with him in this manner. He tore open the envelope and anxiously read the brief missive.

"I've got to go to the office," he said, surprise still lingering in his face. "It's important business—a consultation with—er—with an important eastern client."

"Geel! It's tough to turn out this kind of a night. I'm going your way, Mr. Droom. Come on. I'll take the car down with you."

"I won't be ready for some time yet."

"Oh, well, I'll say good night then." Eddie Deever departed, chuckling to himself as he made his way to the U—building, determined to learn what he could of this unusual summons.

But Droom was too crafty. Bansemmer's letter had asked him to come to Rector's restaurant and not to the U—building. The command was imperative. Bansemmer had been spending the evening at the home of David Cable.



CHAPTER XII.

FOLLOWING close upon Mrs. Cable's visit to his office in the afternoon, Bansemmer presented himself at her home in the evening, urbane, courtly, but characteristically aggressive. Her action in bearding him in his den was not surprising, even though it might have been considered unusual. He had been well aware for some time that she was sorely uneasy and that it was only a question of time when she would make the expected advances. Since the announcement of Jane's engagement Bansemmer had been punctiliously considerate. And yet underneath his faultless exterior Mrs. Cable felt that she could recognize the deadly poise of other intentions. She lived in fear that they would spring upon her as if from the dark and that she would be powerless to combat them. Something stronger than words or even intuition told her that James Bansemmer was not to be turned aside by sentiment.

Driven at last to the point where she felt that she must know his intentions, she boldly ventured into his consultation room, a trembling but determined creature whose flesh quivered with chill despite the furs that folled the wintry winds. Elias Droom passed her on into the private room, with a polite grin that set her teeth on edge. She left the building fifteen minutes later, nursing a wild but forlorn hope that James Bansemmer meant no evil after all. Without hesitation she told him plainly that she came to learn the precise nature of his attitude toward herself and the girl. Bansemmer's resentment appeared too real to have been simulated. He was almost harsh in his response to the inference. In the end, however, he was a little less than tender in his efforts to convince her that she had cruelly misjudged him. She went away with a chill in her heart dislodged, but not dissolved. When he asked if she and Mr. Cable would be at home that night for a game of cards she felt obliged to urge him to come. It was not until she was in the carriage below that she remembered that David Cable was to attend a big banquet at the Auditorium that night and that Jane would be at the theater with friends.

Bansemmer smiled serenely as he escorted her to the door. "We will not permit anything to happen which might bring misery to the two beings so dear to us," he assured her at parting.

Shortly after 8 he entered the Cable home. He had gone to Chicago avenue beforehand to send a telegram east. From the corner of Clark street he walked across town toward the lake, facing the bitter gale with poor grace. In Washington place he passed two men going from their cab into the Union club. He did not look at him, nor did he see that they turned and stared after him as he buffeted his way across Dearborn avenue. One of the men was Bobby Rigby, the other Denis Harbert of New York.

"It's the same Bansemmer," said Harbert as they entered the club. "I'd know him in a million."

"At the Cables' a servant on opening the door announced that Mr. Cable was not at home."

"Is Mrs. Cable at home?" asked Mr. Bansemmer, making no effort to find his cardcase.

"Yes, sir," responded the servant after a moment's hesitation. Bansemmer passed through the vestibule.

"Say Mr. Bansemmer, if you please," He removed his coat and was standing comfortably in front of the blazing logs in the library when she came down.

"I thought the night was too dreadful for any one to venture out unless—she was saying as she gave him her hand."

"A night indoors and alone is a thousandfold more dreadful than one outdoors in quest of good company," interrupted Bansemmer. He drew up chairs in front of the fireplace and stood by waiting for her to be seated.

"I had forgotten that Mr. Cable was to attend a banquet at the Auditorium," she explained nervously, confident, however, that he felt she had not forgotten.

"To be sure," he said. "This is the night of the banquet. I was not invited."

"I tried to telephone to ask you to come tomorrow night. The storm has played havoc with the wires. It is impossible to get connection with any one."

"A servant appeared in the doorway. 'You are wanted at the telephone, Mrs. Cable. Shall I say you will come?'"

Flushing to the roots of her hair, the mistress of the house excused herself and left the room. Bansemmer leaned back in his chair and smiled. She returned a few minutes later with a fluttering apology.

"What a terrible night it must be for those poor firemen," she said. "I remember what it meant to be a railroad fireman in the west years ago. The blizzards out there are a great deal more severe than those we have here, Mr. Bansemmer. Just think of the poor fellows who are repairing the lines to-night. Doesn't it seem heartless?"

"It does, indeed. And yet I dare say you've been scolding them bitterly all evening. One seldom thinks it worth while to be merciful when the telephone refuses to obey. It's only a true philanthropist who can forgive the telephone. However, I am grateful to the blizzard and happy. Fair weather would have deprived me of pleasure."

"I am sorry Mr. Cable is not at home," she said quickly.

(To be Continued.)

CURES MADE BY RADIUM

May Even be Useful for Internal Tumors. Says Sir Frederick Treves.

London, Jan. 27.—Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon to the King and consulting surgeon of the London Hospital, cited yesterday in lecturing at that hospital some interesting instances of radium cures he had witnessed, including vascular tumors, bony tumors, moles, eczema, cheloids, rodent ulcers and epitheliomas.

He said it was almost uncanny to see the rapid manner in which radium sometimes accomplished healing. After the first application, say on Monday, nothing happens until about Friday, when the skin suddenly becomes red and irritable. Then a sort of crust forms, which comes away in two or three weeks.

About a month later there is a second application of radium, after which in many cases the patient does not need to see a physician again.

Sir Frederick pointed out that one of the greatest uses of radium in the future might result from its curious radioactive emanations. He described how a penny enclosed in a jar with an unsealed vial of radium became itself radioactive; if the penny were removed and washed with water and its radioactivity was transferred to the latter, while the penny was no longer radioactive.

As an instance of possible future usefulness the lecturer told how a solution of such radioactive deposit was injected into a mouse suffering from an artificially induced abdominal cancer. The result was that the growth entirely disappeared. It would be a mistake to rely too much on this or similar cases, but they were very suggestive. It was conceivable that lung diseases might some day be found curable by inhaling a radioactive emanation of vapor.

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SEEK TO EXCUSE ACCEPTED JUROR

Prosecution in Carmack Trial Alleges One is an Habitual Drunkard.

(Special from United Press.)
Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 27.—When court re-convened to-day in the trial of John Sharp, Colonel Duncan Cooper and Robin Cooper for the murder of Former United States Senator Edwin W. Carmack, a most peculiar state in the litigation had been reached. The actual trial is off until Friday. Deputy sheriffs are securing the country locating a venire of 500 from which to complete the jury and meanwhile, the presiding justice is passing upon the qualification of two of the men already accepted. These men, J. S. Leigh and L. M. Jackson, were approved by both sides. In the case of Jackson the defense tried to get rid of him, his appearance was not striking the attorneys favorably, so he is not expected to oppose the state's effort to release him.

Leigh's case is different, however, and a large number of witnesses, 21 for the state and 15 for the defense, are being heard. The state asks that he be excluded while the defense seeks to retain him on the panel. In his opening address, State Attorney Jeff McCann averred that Leigh was an habitual drunkard; that he was intoxicated when called to the stand for examination as to his qualifications. Furthermore, McCann specifically alleged Leigh has several times declared it was a "good thing for Tennessee" that Carmack was killed.

In a lengthy speech Attorney Anderson for the defense explained they had no special desire to keep him in the jury box. "But we want to try this law-suit," the attorney declared, "and we will never do so if the state is to examine and accept men and later on get cold feet and try to reject them. This man is the father of eleven children and the grandfather of 17. He takes a drink when he wants to, his people say, but he is an exemplary husband and father and he should be able to return as honest as the rest."

Judge Hart announced he would take evidence on this point and the state's witnesses were examined.



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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all look here

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

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